The Bystander, February 6, 1918.—No. 740. Vol. LVII.

The BYSTANDER

The Smoke-Screen Ejectors: or, The Great Strike Stunt

LITTLE WILLY: "Don't you think we're piling it on just a bit too thick, father? They'll never believe us"

BIG W.: "Oh! don't you worry! Ve can always plow it away mit the guns. Those silly asses in England vill belief it, und then—*ve get efferyting vat ve vant!*"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

A Foregone Conclusion

THE Allies, as represented by the Supreme War Council, sitting last week at Versailles, came, after the most careful attention, to the unanimous conclusion that the recent utterances of von Hertling and Czernin offer no hope of an approximation to the moderate conditions laid down by the Allied Governments. The Allied peoples and the Allied Press had already, strangely enough, arrived at an identical conclusion; so that for once, at any rate, Governments and people are at one. The logical result of this finding was that the war should be prosecuted with the utmost vigour and in the closest co-operation. In carrying out this determination, the Supreme War Council need have no doubt that it will be supported to the full by all the nations which it represents.

Rations for Pets

THERE are still some people who fail, apparently, to realise that there is a war on. For example, there is the lady living in the peaceful west country, who was fined £50 last week for purchasing 110 pounds of meat for her St. Bernard dog, which possessed a weak heart. That dog should have a poor time on and after the 25th of this month. But for sheer detachment from the war-spirit commend me to the Brighton lady who, in her anxiety, advertises for the supply of two dozen live flies weekly, with which to feed her two Italian frogs!

Rules for Raiders

THE German airmen who were brought down and taken prisoners during last week's raid on Paris produced written orders instructing them not to bomb hospitals or schools. They explained that their kindly Kaiser had provided them with this document in order to prevent them from being shot. It is pleasant to have this indirect admission from so high an authority that shooting is what they deserve; but seeing that three hospitals were actually hit by the raiders, one may be forgiven for thinking that the orders were constructed on a principle analogous to the celebrated adjuration, "*Don't* nail his ears to the pump." Whether the London raiders receive identical instructions we have not yet learnt; but it was mentioned at last week's L.C.C. meeting that six schools had been hit at various times.

The Home Ideals of the Army

ONE often hears of what the Army will do when it comes home, but, frankly, soldiers turned statesmen have seldom been a resounding success. Probably obvious faults will find short shrift and we may take it that our young men will be intolerant

(Continued on page 282)

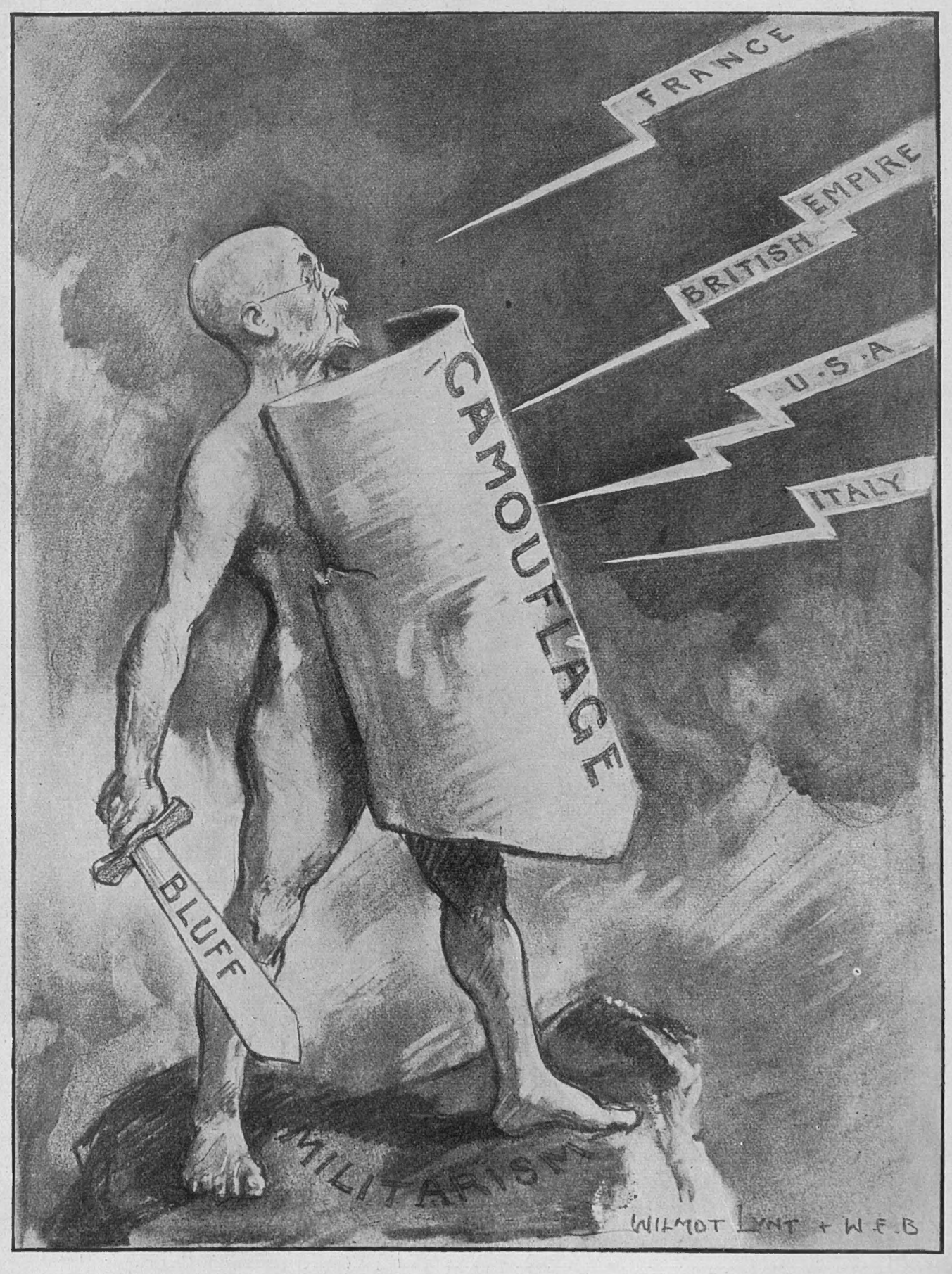
Bairnsfather on the Italian Front

FROM a dinner of bully-beef in a dug-out to a banquet in the garden of a Doge's palace is a far cry. But war introduces variety into a man's life; and Captain Bruce Bairnsfather has tasted both these experiences—and others. His duties have taken him to the Italian Front, amongst other places—a theatre of war especially interesting to us now that British troops are fighting side by side with our Italian Allies. During his visit Captain Bairnsfather's pencil was not idle, and the results of his industry will give those readers of THE BYSTANDER who are unfamiliar with Italy an insight into the conditions of the warfare being waged by their friends on the Italian front which otherwise they might have been quite unable to realise.

THE Italian Front is the only place where the war is beautiful. On the Carso, that vast plain, trench-warfare is not unlike trench-warfare in other places; but the mountains, on the whole, give the cue to the war in Italy. Warfare in mountains demands triumphs—or rather miracles—of engineering; and it was in his visit to the Alpini that Captain Bairnsfather was able to observe the conditions in which these marvellous soldiers do their work. And not only to observe them, but to record them for the readers of THE BYSTANDER with that humour which is the basis of all his work—humour that rings true in every soldier's language, since it springs from the freemasonry of all fighting men, who laugh at difficulty and at danger as Captain Bairnsfather depicts it.

NO other soldiers, though, could do the work that is done by the Alpini; and it is mainly with his adventures amongst these intrepid troops that Captain Bairnsfather deals, in the series of pictures (the first two of which will be found on pages 288 and 289 of this issue of THE BYSTANDER) which it is our privilege to present to our readers. It is scarcely too much to say that the solid facts which underlie the fun of Captain Bairnsfather's drawings will be a revelation to many if not to all—a revelation of difficulties triumphantly surmounted, which cannot help but renew our admiration for our Italian Allies, and our confidence that, for such troops, victory is ultimately assured.

Ajax in Armageddon



VON HERTLING DEFYING THE LIGHTNING

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

of delay. The Army will have bright and sensible ideas, but little knowledge of how to realise them. That they will "get a move on," is certain, in spite of this lack of experience. For we shall still have politicians of some sort and the votes of the fighting men will be a tempting and irresistible bait.

Will the Army Organise?

IF the men who have fought formed themselves into a great body, and discovered a great leader, they might do miracles. There is no sign of anything of the kind at present. The Comrades of the Great War and the opposition movement formed by Messrs. Hogge and Pringle may be kept out of serious calculation—certainly the former. I do not suggest that they will not do good work in a limited field. They certainly will not achieve what the Army can only do itself. And if either shows that it is a cat's paw of any one party—well, the Army will know what to think of it. The old gangs are in deservedly ill-odour, and they will not regain the Army's confidence by playing the acrobat.

Woman and the Queues

THE actress who said "Thank God for the queues" is having a bad time. It is always dangerous to mingle heroics and reality. Undoubtedly many people have to spend hours, which they cannot spare, in waiting for things they cannot get. But there are others who find in the queue a pleasant, gossipy centre, and take a sporting interest in their luck. And is it true that there really are queue fiends who pass from shop to shop? A little bit here, a little bit there, and then the excitement of adding up the day's bag. Many an old lady will tell her grandchildren in the days to come the thrilling tale of her queue triumphs in the days of the great war. Still, if everyone has only what he ought to have it should not be difficult to let him have it quickly.

THE FOOD CON—JUROR: "I regret, ladies and gentlemen, that owing to the weather the 1s. 9d. rabbit did not materialise; but I will now endeavour to produce one at 2s. 3d."

Reconstruction

THERE is greater talk than ever in well-informed circles about Ministerial changes. And Mr. Churchill is quite resolved, so I learn, that he is the "only possible" for the War Cabinet vacancy. Such a promotion would strain the Coalition to breaking point. Besides, I do not think the War Cabinet would quite like it. Meanwhile, "F. E." has had a triumphal progress in the States, where he smoked bigger cigars than ever, and looked positively boyish. "F. E.'s" slap-dash oratorical style was considered immense, and voted a fine set-off to Mr. Balfour's gravity. Meantime, watch the War Office! Remember, too, that Lord Rothermere is likely to be *the* administrative success of the war.

Ireland

ALL still goes well. There have been critical moments in the Convention, but adverse rumours may be disregarded. Not only has the chairman proved himself to be a man of fine tact, but he has been admirably served. I learn that all the parties to the Convention are selecting their candidates for seats in the forthcoming Irish Parliament. The only chance of an upset lies in the fact that Irish folk loathe the inevitable.

Strikes "Made in Germany"

"WHAT do these strikes in Germany mean?" was a question almost as much asked last week as "Will there be a raid to-night?" or "Have you got a joint for Sunday?" As usual, sanguine persons affect to see in the reports the internal break-up of Germany. They forget that all news that comes out of Germany is the news that the German Government wishes to come, whether it be true or false. And absolutely no other. If the strikes exist, they exist with the connivance of the German Government, and they are encouraged for the purpose of inciting similar strikes in Allied countries, since Germany sees no hope of the peace she needs except by gulling Labour. Never forget that whatever happens in Germany is what the German Government wishes to happen, and nothing else.

Her Proudest Title—"Nurse"

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

LADY ALEXANDER

Wife of Sir Lionel Alexander, Bart., and daughter of Sir Ernest and Lady Cable. She is nursing at her mother's hospital at Bishopsteignton, N. Devon

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ARTHUR BOURCHIER as "Old Bill." Smoking permitted.

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I feel, therefore, that we absolutely owe our lives to the contents of your invaluable Ration Tin, and I have the greatest pleasure in informing you of these facts, and express my gratitude for so compact a Ration Tin containing so much nutriment.

Yours truly (signed),——R.N.A.S.

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SIR JAMES HORLICK, Bart., President

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE.*

LONDON, *February* 4, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

I GUESS I'm as greedy as anyone—thoughts of the unbuttered breakfast toast cast, I don't mind telling you, a positive *shadow* on one's rising up and lying down these days! And well enough I know how

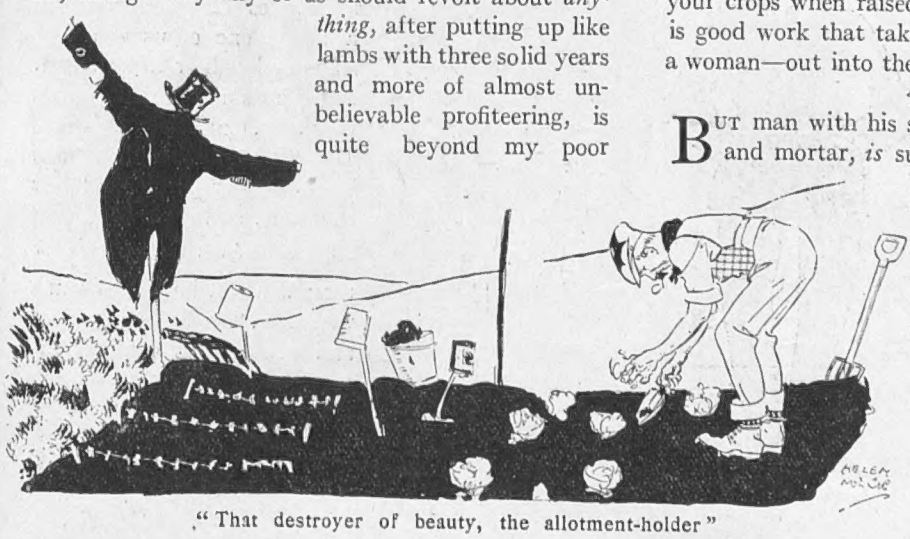
In dimpled cheeks Love liveth not,
But rather in the seething pot.

"The unbuttered breakfast toast"

ALL the same, feddy-up to the eyebrows only *begins* to describe my state of mind with regard to all the fuming about food and quarrelling about queues and rumours about rations, which *never* come off, and when they *do* (after nearly four years of dilly-dallying, February 25, is now, I believe, the provisional date fixed) will not be run much better than everything else of the kind has been in this really not too well-run war.

NO denying, of course, that it's all frightfully annoying, especially when one reflects that, with even the faintest forethought, our leaders might easily have prevented at least half the trouble. But, lor! we're *used* to muddle by this time—or ought to be—and custom's a great smoother-out of annoyances there's no preventing. The real point though is, after all, what *does* it matter if we *never* get butter so long only as we win the war?

AND really, you know, hardly be time to, will there, *or* energy, if we talk much more about this blessed food subject? "There'll be a revolution, there will!" growl the less good-tempered of queueists, when they can't get the bacon or the butter that they've queued for, though why any of us should revolt about *anything*, after putting up like lambs with three solid years and more of almost unbelievable profiteering, is quite beyond my poor intelligence. And you'd get, I need hardly say, something choice in the way of back-chat if you dared to suggest to those ladies that if they can't get meat they should make shift with macaroni, or drink coffee when tea's short, or "manage" on the plentiful foods still going—bread, for instance, and eggs, and vegetables.



"That destroyer of beauty, the allotment-holder"

BUT I don't know that the stupidity and obstinacy of the poor—to whom much must be forgiven and who have, after all, only the grosser pleasures—is any more aggravating, if as much, than the economy-swank of some of the rich. One is apt in time to weary, for example, of those snappy little paragraphs in the paper which inform a waiting world how for the last month, and more, Sir B. F. and Lady Smith, or the Hon. Mrs. James Jones have *only* had two courses for dinner, and how the richest duke has forsworn Woodbines for the duration, and never takes anything stronger than a small green ginger no matter *how* badly he feels he wants bringing up.

ONCE more on the food subject. I'm afraid it's fearfully wicked of me, but, d'you know, I sometimes think I'd almost rather do without potatoes and vegetables and things than deliver into the hands of that industrious destroyer of beauty, the allotment-holder, one single rod, pole, perch, or even *inch*, more of the soft green face of

England, my England.

Far be it from me, of course, to decry his industry, or to deny his usefulness (though I understand the great problem with most of 'em is—what to do with your crops when raised). And, in any case, any work is good work that takes a man—and even more so a woman—out into the fresh air.

BUT man with his spade, like man with his bricks and mortar, *is* such a despoiler of beauty—and beauty in war-time, when things are so cruel and so dreadful, *is* so important. And if there *is* a pastime that beats allotmenting in the way of finding a green place fair and leaving it ugly—well, I should like to hear of it. For myself, I have not yet met it, though I know of many a once smooth and lovely hillside and deep valley where,

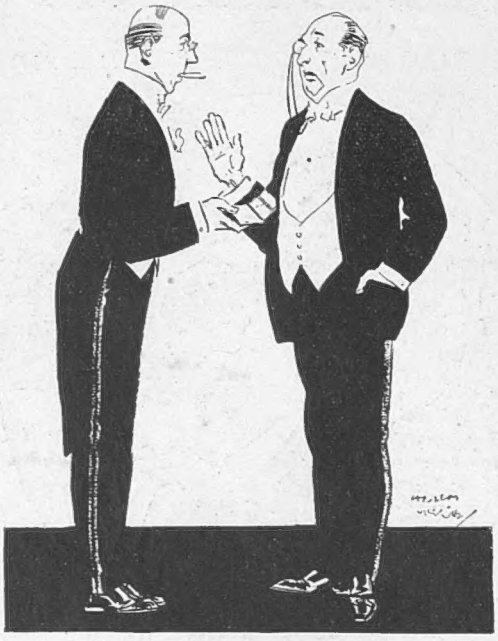
(Continued on page 286)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

in the wake of the patriotic potato and the ubiquitous "greens," beauty has fled as if she'd never been, leaving in her place that strangely domestic disorder and truly appalling *bittiness* that seems the universal hall-mark of the allotment.

⁂ ⁂

"HAVE you no heart, dear Blanche," writes one Bertrand, of H.M.S. ——, "that you deliberately ignore the existence of us poor perishers, somewhere East of Suez? In the summer the heat is so intense that our feet stick to the deck, on account of the tar that oozes up. So the sailors wear sandals and we wear stilts. Not much like the salt sea breezes of the North Sea, is it? Still, never having seen my picture in shorts (very) and a shirt (with no buttons on it), I judge that you have deliberately ignored our existence (as aforesaid).



"The duke has forsworn Woodbines"

⁂ ⁂

"WE are very lonely, and would feel glad of a mention, and in case Miss Helen cares to draw us, I am a dashing blonde, 6ft. 7in. in my socks (7 ft. 2 in. in my stilts) and have been told I have good eyes—wicked ones, I mean. Also there is the marine officer. He is short and swarthy, with bow legs and beady eyes, in whose depths lurks a devil. And a R.N.V.R. officer, the handsomest of all, tall, handsome, with an aquiline nose (now that Jerusalem has gone). The Padre is bull-necked and wears a frock (like you). The rest are uniformly beautiful, but none so fair as yours, etc."

⁂ ⁂

IT'S a very good thing, don't you think, that to me it is no new sensation—having my leg pulled? I've been trained to it from youth up. Or I *might* have taken seriously even this: "Dear Blanche, We have read your letter for many months—I mean years (having been out since Mons, like Old Bill, we sometimes lose track of time)—and we are distraught at your not having *ever* mentioned that well-known and sorely-tried arm of the Service—The Chinese Labour Battalions. Hoping you will,

"We are, yours lovingly,

"Sgt. Ching Wang Lu,
"Cpl. Bing Bang Bung,
"Pte. Pip Pop Poff.

"C.L.B."

"The marine officer is short and swarthy"

AND now, I really think I must have "mentioned" every single berlessed unit (real and imaginary) in the British Army, and if I haven't I shall—before the war is over.

⁂ ⁂

LONDON, I'm told, has never in its history had such a prosperous theatrical season. Once the business centre of the world, London is now the hub on which the wheel of pleasure turns, not only for her own citizens, but for all those hundreds of thousands of battle-fighters (sometimes with, but mostly without, female fixings) who have come from the far corners of the earth to fight for the Mother Country.

⁂ ⁂

TO be a famous actor—or even more, a famous manager—is as good, almost, as to be a war-contractor or a profiteering tradesman. Star salaries get huger and huger—£300 a week's a quite common musical comedy screw—and stage settings more and more "costly," and though chatty Ministers beseech and implore and wail for workers (female) on the land, in the Army, the Navy, the factories and elsewhere, never were the ranks of chorus girls more closely knit or composed of more buxom wenches, or more utterly unanimous in their aim to forget, and make their audiences forget, all about that old war which, as one golden-haired siren of the clan remarked, *she* had nothing to complain about "while there's one man left to take me out to feed."

⁂ ⁂

WHICH reminds me, signs of war may be far to seek in our pleasure places, but in parks and streets—Heavens! Sometimes as I watch our woundeds, hopping, hobbling, stooping youth, the gay and gallant, creeping slowly and painfully along where it should leap and dance in sheer animal vigour, sometimes I wonder how a single one of us can ever smile or laugh or frolic again. And we do not see, of course, by a long, long chalk, the worst of war's unnumbered victims. They fill our homes and our hospitals, and when

The tumult and the shouting dies

they will still be there—war's wreckage, the broken flotsam and jetsam that cumbers the earth when the sport of kings is done.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

The New Gallant

PASSED BY CENSOR

"TAKE MY SEAT, MADAM"

My Visit to the Italian Front:

PASSED BY CENSOR

A VISIT TO THE ALPINI

"The chauffeur says a car fell over here last week"
"Oh!"

By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

PASSED BY CENSOR

ON THE WAY UP

"Unless you like riding, don't go to see the Alpini—the mule's ears tickle so"

"THE ROAD TO VICTORY"

When the Kaiser, that ungodly man
This very tiresome war began,
Ravaged Belgium, wasted France,
Led us a most unpleasant dance,
Our foe's ambition to impeach
Mr. Asquith made a speech.

Poor Serbia was the next to feel
The brutal victor's iron heel,
She perished under fire and flame.
Hoping for help that never came.
Our good intentions her to teach
Mr. Churchill made a speech.

When Italy saw the dangling prize
Ravished from her tempted eyes,
The tide of battle turned again
From Carso to Venetian Plain.
United counsels to beseech
Mr. Lloyd-George made a speech.

A time came when no margarine
Was on the breakfast table seen ;
When housewives though with cash replete
Found it a job to purchase meat.
The need for tightening belts to preach
Lord Rhondda made a splendid speech.

And since it's plain as plain can be
We're on the road to victory.
There's no necessity to explain
The moral of this light refrain.
Only this sacred truth record—
The tongue is mightier than the sword.

HALDIN DAVIS.

THE TWO HORIZONS

"Come, rise ! " the Young Man gaily cried ;
"The sun her silver arms throws wide
To wake the wondering world :
Arising from the Eastern Bed,
Her robes of gold and steely red
Resplendently unfurled,
She calls us forth to work and sing,
To laugh and go philandering
Thro' fields now dew-impearled :
Come ! let us greet this Summer dawn,
For unto us a Day is born."

The Old Man slept :
After some hours he rose and crept
Into the light.
Said he : " 'Tis fast approaching night—
Old men know best ;
That's not the dawn—that is the West ;
The glow you see
Is fancy half ; half memory.
The day is dead—
Good night ! I'm going back to bed."

C. (Ruhleben).

"THE TANK CORPS EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN THIS DAY WILL DO HIS DAMNEDEST"
Doing it—and what it feels like

From the Balloon Observer's Training Manual

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Should a parachute descent be undertaken, the observer on reaching the ground should immediately release himself from the parachute"

Keepers of the Freedom of the Seas

Photograph *Russell and Sons*

THE INTER-ALLIED NAVAL COUNCIL

In whose hands lie the future of Britain and of the civilised world. The names of its members, reading from left to right, are as follows: Back row—Rear-Admiral S. R. Fremantle (Great Britain), Captain M. C. Twining (U.S.A.), Rear-Admiral Baron M. de Lostende, Captain T. E. Crease (Great Britain). Front row—Vice-Admiral W. S. Sims (U.S.A.), Vice-Amiral F. de Bon (France), Rt. Hon. Sir Eric Geddes (Great Britain), Vice-Admiral Count Thaon Di Revel (Italy), Rear Admiral K. Funakoshi (Japan), Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss (Great Britain)

The Bystander in Paris

STUDENTS OF FRANCE

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"So busy to learn the French of Montmartre"

MES AMIS

How it has been exciting, these weeks in Paris—every day something to read in the *journaux*—some new arrest, some incident. It is not much that our politics interest me, but now it is a drama; and when the *communiqué* is every day: *Rien à signaler sur l'ensemble du front*, one needs something.

⁂

"MONSIEUR CAILLAUX is at the Santé," a soldier said in the Metro. "*Enfin*—at last!" said the old lady beside me, and she arranged her bonnet. It was so I heard the news. Every one had a newspaper. It is all terribly interesting. In England you never have very good scandals, and that is why we think your country *triste*.

⁂

ONCE I was taken to your House of Parliament, and it was so solemn. One could not imagine, as here in the Chamber, that a *député* might draw a revolver and make so great a commotion. And your Mr. Lloyd George does not fight duels as M. Clemenceau has done

⁂

PERHAPS you are a little shocked and think our politics very bad with arrests and revolvers and duels. But there is not much for which to be afraid. It is safer when *Messieurs les Députés* threaten to fight each other, because then one knows they are not planning anything very wicked together, and it amuses everybody, so that they forget to grumble.

⁂

IT was but yesterday I passed where a two hundred unhappy men were in a queue outside a tobacco shop. They had just put out a notice: "Here one to-day sells tobacco," and at once there was a crowd. They waited so patiently while the *sergents de ville* saw that each had only one packet, but they were quite content to discuss the news and did not

(*Continued on page 294*)

"The officer with the red band on his hat to whom Marguerite introduced me"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

mind the rain which tumbled, and that they must wait for their tobacco. It is not so that they would behave if they wished to make M. Caillaux King of France.

⁂

BUT I think it has puzzled so much all our Allies who are here that we should make such scenes, and for that we are a little ashamed. There was, for instance, the major from the United States, whom our aunt invited to lunch.

⁂

I MUST always at my Aunt's parties sit beside those who do not speak French, and it is very hard, because I do not always understand. This Monsieur asked me to explain "this Kayooks trouble," and I think he must have thought me stupid, because I said: "But I do not know this Kayooks."

⁂

AFTERWARDS, when we were better friends, I explained, and he said: "Oh, I see, he has been arrested because he's one of these fellows that doesn't want to lend this lil' old country of yours to the English and us to fight in."

⁂

IT is a long time ago that someone said to me there are two kinds of Americans—Americans who live in America and Americans who live in the *seizième arrondissement;* but I did not know the same people might be so different. It was one of those who live near the Bois who told me that when the "Sammies" arrived they threw silver money into the sea to see the natives dive for it, as if French people were like Philippinos. But I think that story is not true.

⁂

THERE are Englishmen, too, who do not very well understand our politics. For instance, there was the officer with the red band on his hat to whom Marguerite introduced me one day in the Luxembourg. "I have just seen your House of Lords," he said.

"BUT we have no House of Lords," I told him, and he pointed to the Luxembourg, where the Senate meets. "By Jove," he said, "aren't these old frowsts your Lords." I explained how they were elected senators of the people. He laughed so much. "Ha! Ha!" he said, "that is funny. I must tell uncle that; he is Lord H——, you know. Mistook elected senators for hereditary legislators, by Jove! What a blow at the constitution! Same fossil look, anyhow. Ha! Ha!"

⁂

I have tried so hard to write like he spoke, and Marguerite has helped me. Englishmen so much

"How it has been exciting in Paris . . .!"

tell their characters in the way they speak and their position. In France, unless one is from the provinces, we speak more in the same way. Sometimes your countrymen are so difficult to understand, and sound so funny.

⁂

THERE was one day, near the Opera, when the snow was all melted, a great English *camion* slipped at the corner and nearly overran a little civilian man who was all splashed with the snow and mud from the wheels. He was so angry, and he shouted: "Blimey, if yer wants ter kill summun, why don't yer kill a 'Un or a Frenchman!"

⁂

I was so surprised to hear him speak English, I stopped, and the soldier who drove the *camion*, he stopped too, and smiled so happy: "Go on, mate," he called, "it does me 'eart good to 'ear a bit. Give us summore. I've druv this 'bus three years in France and never 'ad such luck. Give us another bit o' Camberwell Circus."

⁂

IT may be after the war that many French people will talk English like that, because everyone is learning and your Tommies are not all the best teachers. Our friend, the Colonel, who is stationed near to Paris with some of his men, says that some days he receives three or four letters from French girls, asking him to lend them a soldier to teach them English. But he says he must not encourage the French girls to learn so bad an accent as his soldiers speak.

⁂

PERHAPS they will, however, learn without his help. Since some days the frost and the snow have disappeared, and again it is so much the soft wind of spring that one may take one's *café* on the *terrasse*. And there it is again like a school. In the corners are the soldiers from your Empire and the Sammies so busy to learn the French of Montmartre, and to teach their speech. "*Voolay vos allay o cinema?*" they ask, and the other scholars say: "Oah, yeas, thank you ver' much."

⁂

IT is so that the war is being a great education. There is the American major, who understands our politics, and the English captain who will tell his uncle that our Senate is just like his House of Lords, and there are all the scholars on the *café terrasse*, who exchange lessons. It is so at least something that one profits.

Your friend, AGNÈS

Forgetting Herself

LADY OF THE SHAWL: "Smart! I simply call it a masquerade!"

EDDIES of WAR

DRUM FIRE.

BY DELL LEIGH

LIT RALLI's baptismal names were Elizabeth Jane Woodman, and her mother had reared her at Stroud Green, N. But, moth-like, she had been drawn to the candle of the stage at a very early age, and began, as one of many thin children, in a chorus in provincial pantomime. Her talent, the irrepressible talent of the cockney, had obtruded itself before the eyes of the management when she was fifteen, and thenceforward Lit Ralli soared steadily, and none too slowly, towards that firmament of "stars" whose ambition is to beckon a fickle public from the dashboards of motor omnibuses, and the theatre bills in tube stations. There is no need to describe Lit Ralli. Most men have seen her across the orchestra; and most women have defiled her name across the tea-table; and she has had big successes. But having reached the firmament, Lit began to drift, bored, about the theatrical heavens, and began, as a consequence, to wane. When that kind of "star" wanes, she falls very quickly. And there is no pit so bottomless as the pit into which a "star" falls who has lost her hold on the public.

⁂ ⁂

THEN Jim arrived. Captain James Carthew, with a bullet through his lung, a moderately good allowance, and ample opportunities of persuading Lit to marry him, and "chuck all this Revue stunt." Jim having no particular net with which to ensnare the butterfly Lit, merely had his face smacked in her dressing room, was told not to be a mug, and to run away and play. On the occasion of the face smacking a set look of determination had come into Jim's eyes, and thereafter in his simple, downright way, he laid siege to Lit's heart, and her very elusive hand. I doubt if he would have had a dog's chance were it not that Lit fell upon very evil days. So evil and so continuous that rents could not be paid, and two contracts were outrageously broken by hedging producers. This period of drought lasted for seven months, during which time Jim stood alongside, quietly, and helped her out of hole after hole. Moreover, he asked nothing in return (a new experience for Lit), and refused her thanks, merely looking tenderly at her from time to time during the most droughty days. Then Lit realised he was the MAN—and told him so. To her amazement, his face fell at the news, and she learned through his stumbling speech that his mother knew of this affair, of his determination to marry her, and had threatened to withdraw all supplies, and never speak to him again. "It's a horrible business, darling," he had told her; "you don't know my mother; she's a terrible autocrat; people say she reminds them of Seton Merriman's Grey Lady. Lit Ralli had never heard of this personage of fiction, but she became very quiet and thoughtful during the weeks that followed, and a dull spasm of anger passed over her when she looked at Jim's pale face, and reviewed their hopeless case.

IT required more than mere ordinary pluck to ring the bell of the big front door in Eaton Square, and calmly demand to see Mrs. Carthew; but Lit did it, on a grim November afternoon. She found a tall, austere woman sitting in a stiff-backed chair in an enormous drawing room. The butler had announced "Miss Lit Ralli" with the ghost of a smile round the corners of his mouth. Mrs. Carthew sat up with her back to the light, but Lit's sharp eyes saw a quiver of pain in her face at the name, and it made her suddenly angry.

"Yes," she began, very quietly, "I am Lit Ralli: I love your son, Mrs. Carthew, and I am going to marry him; what—er—are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," replied this very grey lady, even more quietly, scrutinising the revue artist, much as she had scrutinised a fitted dressing-case that morning which she had no intention of buying.

Lit threw discretion aside and blazed out: "You can't stop us, you *can't*! You couldn't be so cruel! Jim adores you, his mother, but he loves me too, and I am not even his mistress—no! Oh, yes, I've been bad I know, who wouldn't have? You've heard all about me. I've been a pig—but I love Jim. Oh, just listen to me a moment, Mrs. Carthew!" The grey lady had risen and turned to the window. Lit's anger had dropped from her; it was the woman now pleading for her man.

"You don't *know* how he needs a woman to look after him. He won't come to you: men don't go to their mothers! You've loved too, haven't you? Don't you know what it is? The joy when he is with you, the pain when he goes. You've felt it. It's the greatest thing I have ever had yet, the only thing. Don't take it away from me—don't! I just want to be with him, wherever he is, whatever he does. I don't mind if he is poor, I can work—I will. But he would grow to hate me if you gave him up; and I just can't go on alone without him. I can't!"

Lit was very white now, and shaking, and she stopped suddenly, for Mrs. Carthew had turned and taken her hand.

"My dear," said the grey lady gently, "I have just seen Jim come in. I should like you to go down and give him a kiss, he looks so tired. I think his wound must be painful this afternoon."

⁂ ⁂

LIT's drum fire of speech had told his mother what most mothers wish to hear. And this mother loved her son—that was all. There was nothing more to be said.

Lit found him in the gloom of the big hall.

He jumped when he saw her and dropped his coat.

"Lit?"

"Yes, dear, I have been with your mother. She asked me to bring you up to tea,"

"*Good God!*" he muttered.

"But she said I was to kiss you first, because you looked so tired. Are you tired, sweet?"

"Not now," he answered, as he bent towards her.

A Change from "Digging In"—"Digging Out"

Canadian War Records

Fortunately, Not "Reported Missing" (!)

Official Photograph

Two scenes on the snow-clad Western Front show us the kind of thing "General Janvier" brings to our men. In the upper picture the aid of a Chinese coolie has been enlisted to dig out the photographer's car from a snow-drift; in the lower—but no! not a word! In spite of the notice board, that thing on the right *may* be a dud shell, camouflaged to look like a R—m J—r

THE PR

.OFITEER

Keep Smiling

A CONTRAST WITH A MORAL

A CIVILIAN AMONG THE TOMMIES—

—A TOMMY AMONG THE CIVILIANS

THE COLISEUM

BILLY WELLS AND ECLAIR TWINS

BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

THE London Coliseum is the Mecca of that portion of the London public that does not care much for theatres, but desires to be saved from the banalities of the average music-hall. The programme is evidently selected with the greatest care so that it may conform to the middle-class standard of what is truly refined; and the crowded house on the evening of my visit was an eloquent testimony to the success of the managerial policy.

WE began with a display of acrobatic strength by a trio of young men, very properly described as "Herculean Gymnasts"; and then there was Mr. Neil Kenyon, with his quaint and enjoyable humour, supplemented by a scene designed to prove, what can never have been in doubt, that the stoker on a liner is a man who is doing work of the highest importance. One of the heroines of the evening was Miss Vesta Tilley with a soldier song and a background of imitation trenches that took the house by storm.

AN important item on the programme was the sketch entitled "Annajanska, the Wild Grand Duchess." From what we know of Grand Duchesses in their tame state we not unnaturally looked for something very bright and lively when they begin to run wild. Another point of interest about the sketch is that the authorship is attributed to Mr. George Bernard Shaw. The story itself is a mere trifle, and is concerned with a Grand Duchess who has conceived the paradoxical but extremely practical idea that the Russian Revolution has failed because it has not been led by an aristocrat. The Duchess therefore puts on a fascinating uniform and decides to take her place at the head of the people whose whole idea in revolting was to be rid once and for all of people of her sort.

VESTA TILLEY
THE POETRY OF MOTION

LYDIA KYASHT IN 'JAVOTTE'

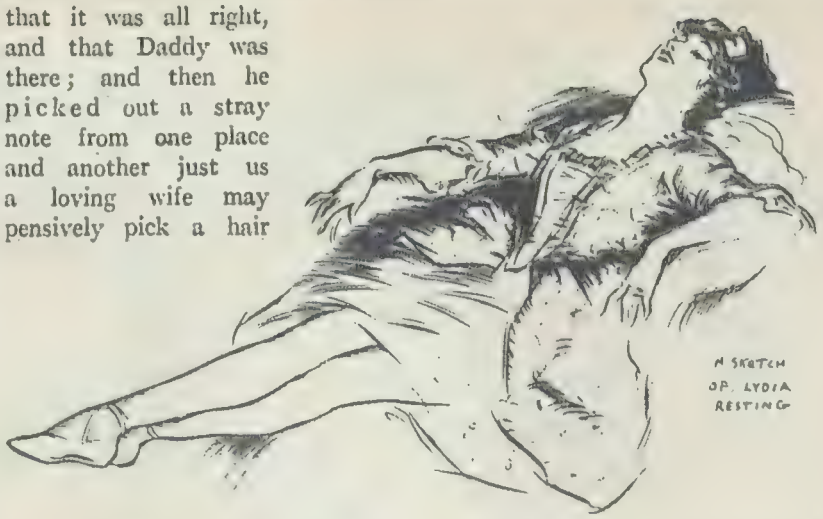
BUT like most of Mr. Shaw's plays, the chief attraction is in the sharply-pointed wit of the dialogue. For this reason, perhaps, it was hardly suited to so large a house as the Coliseum, since

(Continued on page 302)

many of its brighter points barely filtered through to the remoter places; and then the audience was, perhaps, not altogether one that is habituated to merely intellectual badinage. Miss Lillah McCarthy, however, gave a spirited performance as the Grand Duchess, and under more favourable conditions of presentation this really brilliant piece of nonsense should enjoy the great success it deserves.

⁂

THE bright particular star of the evening was Mr. Mark Hambourg, "The Great Master Pianist." As his number went up, so to speak, there was a general rustling movement as though the vast audience were settling itself down to listen the more comfortably to the real part of the programme. Mr. Hambourg held the attention of the house closely from first to last. He began by patting the notes gently as if to assure them that it was all right, and that Daddy was there; and then he picked out a stray note from one place and another just us a loving wife may pensively pick a hair of a different colour from her husband's sleeve and drop it into charitable oblivion.



⁂

BY degrees Mr. Hambourg warmed to his work, and began hammering notes out leisurely in the manner of a man carefully driving home a very long tintack; then he clawed at the notes, and kneaded them and stirred them up, and finally hurried down the keyboard to the extreme limit as though satisfied that only his prompt action had saved the last few from falling over the edge on to the carpet. Once he played with only one hand, and then he held the other in the air giving the idea that he was thus keeping his balance; and a moment later he was tapping the notes first at one end of the piano and then at the other, with the air of a juggler keeping three billiard balls in the air at the same time.

⁂

SOMETIMES he would brush a few notes hurriedly from the keyboard, giving the impression that they didn't amount to much anyway, but he had had to play them because they were in the piece; and at the finish he paused a moment and then jabbed a single note out of the piano by way of getting in the last word. The vast audience watched and listened, and at the right moment a fine cheer went up in the master's honour. I found it a moving spectacle.

⁂

FOR the rest, Miss Lydia Kyasht, gave us the love scene from "Javotte," with dancing like that of a fluffy feather on the breeze—a performance very much to the taste of the audience. Then there were Billy Wells and the Eclair Twins, described as "elastic eccentric dancers," who seemed to have no joints at all and who could dance while sitting on the floor as well as while standing up. The London Coliseum is certainly a remarkable institution. JINGLE.

A Bird of Paradise

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS DOROTHY ST. RUTH

A glad girl of the "Gaiety," who delights everyone in her portrayal of the Goose Girl in the "Bird of Paradise" ballet in "The Beauty Spot"

Shrapnel Pars

GREEK notables are being forced to make roads in Bulgaria. This is the best news we have yet had from the Balkans.

SOMEONE in Strasburg has paid £15 for a goose. Not the sort of bird one would say "Bo!" to.

GIRLS of the Period—Dora and Little Mary.

ACUTE shortage of mustard and cress: Mr. George R. Sims declares that he has taken his place in dozens of queues in various parts of London.

MR. J. C. SQUIRE says that there comes a point at which hyperbole merely makes one laugh. Why "merely"? We have always found that the point at which hyperbole makes one cry comes sooner.

BRIGHT suggestion for the Food Controller: Why not encourage the butchers in all districts to form themselves into joint-stock companies.

ACCORDING to Trotsky, the German leaders are "putting off their working-classes with fairy tales." Anyway, the prospect which they are presenting to them is unmistakably Grimm.

"SHOULD our enemies prolong the war," says Chancellor Hertling, "they will have to bear the consequences." But how about the consequences they would have to bear if they *didn't* prolong it?

THE only result of the speeches of Hertling and Czernin seems to be the addition of two Counts to the Allies' indictment of Germany.

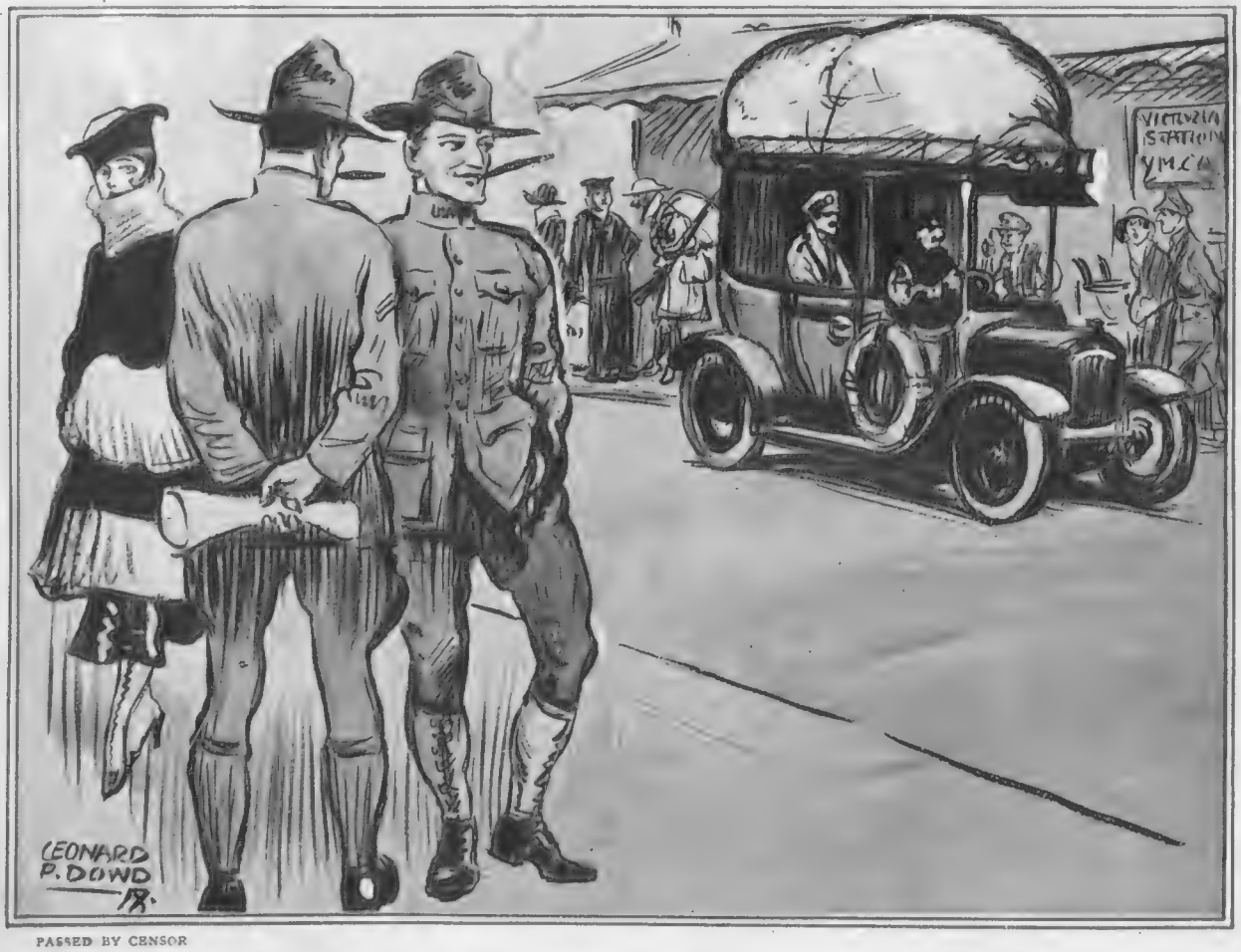
"GERMANY," brags the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "holds all the trumps." That is as it may be; but she certainly holds a hand that is exceptionally strong in knaves.

LISTEN to the Bolshevik Commander-in-Chief: "We must not stop short in our reign of terror until we have completely exterminated all our enemies." We always *knew* that the gentle Bolshes would find a means of abolishing tyranny if only they got a fair chance.

COUNT HERTLING mustn't be disappointed by our failure to respond to his polite invitation to surrender Gibraltar and our other naval bases. His generosity in thus giving himself away is really a bit too reckless for our emulation.

SOME new types of Zeppelins are reported to have lately undergone trials over Lake Constance. If they want to undergo some severer ones they had better try to come over London.

OUR last man and our last sovereign, if necessary, says a well known ex-Minister. Evidently a case of the last man first.



PASSED BY CENSOR

SAMMY *(seeing gas-driven car for first time)*: "Say—some kit bag!"

Queuerious Feelings

THAT BUTTER SENSATION—
—The daily experience of many thousands of citizens

Hildegarde

By KATHLEEN A. SIMMONS

IF it had not been for the war I should never have met Hildegarde.

When in the autumn of 1914 my Daily Girl wrapped her insurance card in her apron and announced that she could now be anything she chose, I allowed her to make her choice. She hoped it would not ill-convenience me. I assured her I should not be so unpatriotic as to wish to absorb the bulk of the labour of a hearty young woman in her late teens. We parted friends, and her last words were:

"I'll send you a step-girl."

Hildegarde, in her early teens, was the first step-girl to present herself. I engaged her on the spot. I liked her Viking blue eyes—the cleanest item in her face—and her wonderful plait of gold hair. In the course of a very few weeks I discovered that I would not have parted with Hildegarde for a real, live French maid—or any other luxury. She was as good as a stall at the Hippodrome, and I enjoyed her twice in seven days. Not for twice seven years had I enjoyed a stall at the Hippodrome. My spirits rose when I heard the rattle of her bucket on the back steps of my upstairs maisonette flat; and the first morning she was late approached a nightmare. She reminded me tactfully of the reason of her tardiness.

"How did you get on with the Raid larst night?" she asked.

"Well," I confessed, "I was surprised to read about it in the paper! I slept right through."

"An' so I could 'ave done," said Hildegarde, bitterly, "if it hadn't bin for the 'ollerin' of Ma's lodger!"

"But perhaps it is selfish to sleep when other people are awake and might need you," I suggested. "I am going down to the woman on the right. Her husband is away, and she has two babies to mind—she is going to knock me up."

"'Spose we must do what we can!" agreed Hildegarde. "I got a cup o' tea for the lodger. That settled 'er a bit. She's not so bad—though she will call me Marier!"

"But isn't that your name?"

"It is—worse luck!"

"What would you have liked to be called?" I asked, idly.

"Hildegarde!" said the child, with an emphasis on the aspirate. There's a tale in the 'Girl's Weekly Wake-up.' She was Hildegarde—and she was a Viking's Daughter!"

"A Viking's Daughter?" I echoed. "Do y.u happen to know what a viking is?"

Hildegarde pushed a gold curl out of her eyes, leaving a smear of hearthstone on her forehead.

"Anythink to do with cocoa?" she hazarded.

"Nothing," I assured her. "How cold you look, child! And that reminds me—I did not use the cocoa in the thermos last night. Come round to the top of the back stairs presently and you shall have it. And I'll tell you something about Vikings."

"Wouldn't it be prime to be called Hildegarde?" she asked when cocoa and history were assimilated in concert.

"Suppose I call you Hildegarde?"

"Would you?"

"Certainly—if it gives you any pleasure! But mind, you must keep your gold plait bright, and your eyes will look doubly blue in a clean face!"

"'Spose Vikings were always clean?"

I thought of my favourite, Hereward, who had vowed not to change his shirt till he had vanquished his enemies.

"English people have always been renowned for cleanliness," I evaded, skilfully.

"You're glad you're English, Hildegarde?"

She nodded.

"Droppin' bombs on babies!" she said, scornfully.

"Then you must just be English, inside and out—as English as ever you can, these times!"

"An' you'll call me Hildegarde?"

"Every Wednesday and Saturday," I promised.

I kept my word—and so did she. Hair and skin responded to a course of soap and water. The coveted name, strangely enough, made her particular about aspirates. Unconsciously, like most of her predecessors, she copied my speech. The odd cups of cocoa filled out her thin little shoulders. She grew apace. As she manipulated the broom upon my doorstep I watched the easy grace of her immature young figure. As the months went by I noted with a pang her increasing height. I assented readily, hiding my reluctance to part with her, when she decided to "do something for her country."

"Guess I could balance myself on a 'bus!" she said.

"I am sure you could," I agreed, with a vivid remembrance of her Hippodrome antics on the doorstep. "I shall miss you, Hildegarde."

"Miss me?" echoed a husky, indignant voice. "Won't I get no time off? 'Ow long do I take to clean a doorstep?"

Negatives tumbled over one another; aspirates retreated under the stress of emotion.

"Miss me?—I don't think. I get off the 'bus on the high road and I'm up 'ere in me dinner-time. No one else shan't do this step."

"Very well, Hildegarde," I agreed, meekly. "Never mind about days—the downstairs people will fit in with your time. Come when you can."

"How do you like me uniform?" she asked a few weeks later.

In a skirt of her mother's, a blouse bestowed by the grateful, if 'ollerin', lodger, and a golf jersey of mine, Hildegarde had buried the Viking's daughter underneath unsuitable attire. In her trim uniform she looked very English. Further, for the first time, she looked a woman. The child had gone. I realised this uneasily. Hildegarde on the foot-board of an omnibus——

"See me pockets?" said the 'bus-girl. "Now I shan't leave me handkercheef at home."

I couldn't cure the habit—or the pronunciation of the word. Instead, I bought a special brand of the article and placed a sachet in the kitchen drawer. I was rather glad to think that Hildegarde would not tuck a wisp of gossamer and lace into her uniform pocket. She scorned anything small—perhaps because she was built on large lines—a Viking girl.

The summer that Hildegarde became a 'bus-girl called me to the country. I was away some weeks. On my return I sent her a postcard.

A few days later she knocked the special knock we had arranged. I ran downstairs and opened the door. . . .

Was this Hildegarde? Always had I suspected her of beauty, but I was unprepared for the radiant figure before me.

"There's a cup of cocoa upstairs, Hildegarde," I said.

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 308)

Quite at Home

Canadian War Records

The gallant Canadians, sturdy sons of "Our Lady of the Snows" have won for themselves and their country an imperishable fame by their victories on the Western Front. A party of them may be seen in the picture passing up a communication trench in the neighbourhood of Lens

"HILDEGARDE" (*concluded*)

As she drank it I decided to use the privileges of friendship.

"Is it Jem?" I asked.

Hildegarde flushed, but she met my glance squarely. Jem was an older friend than I—she had known him from childhood. Jem was one of the babies who had been allowed to fall out of his perambulator. He had not travelled to the world of Peter Pan. He had remained in this one—with a shortened leg.

"Is it Jem?" I asked.

"No, it isn't," answered Hildegarde. "Yes, I know he's always bin my friend, but when it comes to marryin'——"

She rinsed the cocoa cup thoughtfully.

"Jem's never got to France," she said, irrelevantly.

"Oh, Hildegarde—be fair! How could he? Don't throw him over for one of his friends!"

"I never took him on!" she said. "An' it isn't one of his pals either, it's——"

"Who is it?" I asked, sharply.

"It's an Australian," said my ex-step-girl, "an' if you saw him——"

A caller interrupted confidences, and a few days later I met Hildegarde and her Australian. They were walking in a local park, and they did not see me. Hildegarde looked radiant, and her companion was a man with whom any girl might be proud to walk. Jem was as shadow to substance compared with the splendid figure of the Colonial. Anyone else might have marvelled at the Australian's choice. I did not. I had always been exceedingly aware of Hildegarde's charm, ahead of her years and her station. This would be a good match—

If the man were not married.

What instinct put the words into my head I don't know, but there they placarded themselves, and I had a bad quarter of an hour.

. . . . . .

It fell to my lot to put my Viking girl to the touchstone of a shattering blow. How gladly I would have avoided it!

I said—well, the sort of things that are usually said. And very inept they sounded.

Hildegarde made little response.

"That other girl—his wife——"

"Oh, Hildegarde, she may not be a girl! He is much older than you. She may be just a woman who has worked and cared for him and given him all her youth. She is not here to fight for herself. And she may be waiting——"

"What's the good of talking?" said Hildegarde, bitterly. "He mayn't ever live to go back to Australy. An' I love him. I didn't want to, but I do. There it is. What's it matter what I do? Who's goin' to know? What's the good of anything? Like as not we'll all be dead soon—an' a good job, too."

"He should have told you, child. It wasn't fair."

"I won't clean your step no more if you say anythink like that!" she flamed. "I didn't ask—never thought on it. I didn't ask no questions."

She looked resentfully at me, and left the flat without another word. Should I ever see her again?

A week later she turned up. She cleaned the back stairs in silence, but as she handed me the broom she said, wistfully,

"Do *you* think it matters what I do?"

In her tone was the note of the little girl who had asked me to call her Hildegarde.

"It matters so much—that I'd give all the remaining years of my life to be sure of you . . . . you will suffer horribly if you hurt that other woman——"

"An' so I told him!" she interrupted, swiftly. "Don't know how I know it, but I do know it. I can't hurt another woman, not for any man as ever walked. . . . I've said good-bye. . . . No, I didn't let him have no tears. Would you believe me? I'd left me han'kercheef at home! Wasn't that a bit o' luck?——"

Her voice broke, but she steadied it.

"I tell him a bit of a verse I heard somewhere—p'raps at the Brixton Empire," went on the husky voice—"Ever 'eard it?—

"You're not the only pebble on the beach,
You're not the only shell upon the shore,
You're not the only Chili in the jar of Piccalilly,
An'—I ain't—goin' to love you—any more!

"Oh—Miss—let me come in!"

She stumbled past me into the little kitchen, and, sitting down, flung her head upon her arms upon the table.

"I 'spect I'll have Jem—in time," she said at last. "But as for lovin'—he may be married—he may be a wrong 'un—but I love him—an' I can't give it up. Seems as if I've got to love 'im all my days—an' I didn't ask to. . . . Strafe the Huns—oh, strafe the Huns! Why ever did they fetch him from Australy?"

A few minutes later she dried her eyes and went to the back door.

"No, you don't!" she called to the milkman. "I've just cleaned those steps from top to bottom! What you starin' at? Never had bad news from Flanders, I suppose? No—or I guess you'd be more in a 'urry to get there. Stay where you are. I don't want no sympathy—nor no milk. Here's your sixpence. Catch!"

"Hildegarde!" I said, severely, "how often have I told you that I will not have you and the milkman making a Hippodrome stage of my backstairs? What must the neighbours think of you—and of me? You'll miss your 'bus."

"I'm goin' to leave the 'bus," said Hildegarde. "'Twas there I met him—up and down to 'orspital. I think of it every time I punch a ticket. 'You've given me wrong change,' says a passenger yesterday. 'What are you thinking of, girl?' What was I thinking of! I'm goin' to munitions—maybe I shan't hear myself think there."

"I must look for another step-girl," I said.

A smile dawned in the drenched blue eyes.

"No need to look far! Me little sister—she's just waitin' for it! Her name's Beetriss—there won't be no call for you to change it. Will you tell her stories when she drinks her cocoa? She's awful set on stories—and she likes them with happy endings, same as me. You always make happy endings—don't you?"

"Always, Hildegarde!" I answered.

I watched her running down the street to catch her 'bus, and when Saturday morning came round again I found Beetriss upon the doorstep.

KATHLEEN A. SIMMONS

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A Distinguished Person

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

IN my optimistic youth I dreamed of becoming a famous man by dint of untiring industry and the practice (in reasonable moderation) of the cardinal virtues; and to-day, in the semi-rural parish in which I reside, fame has been thrust upon me all at once. People turn round to take a second look at me with unconcealed glances of admiration, and my neighbours clearly consider me as a distinguished person. By way of accounting for this milestone in my life, I should explain that one of my hens has laid an egg.

⁂

THAT is the tremendous fact of the hour. I am trying hard not to lose my head over it, or to give rise to any ungenerous suspicion that I want to put on dog about it; and, of course, I shall still be the same to my friends. In my calmer moments I am bound to admit to myself the obvious truth that I have had no hand at all in the auspicious event that has made me a man of mark to-day; but in some way or another my neighbours seem to take the view that the egg has been laid as the result of a personal and assiduous effort on my part; and I get the credit of being the sort of man who doesn't talk about what he is going to do, but goes and does it, and lets it speak for itself.

⁂

I have read somewhere that the truly virtuous man does not shout of his virtues from the housetops, but leaves them to be discovered by all whom they may concern. But the virtue of possessing a hen that has laid an egg is not one that can be easily concealed from a neighbourhood of poultry experts. I have ever been a modest person, shrinking from the limelight of publicity; and I should not be capable of the weakness of obtruding my domestic affairs on the notice of my neighbours. A hen, however, does not believe in hiding her light under a bushel. As soon as she has satisfied herself that she has positively delivered the goods she rushes out to proclaim the news to the world, and to secure for herself one crowded moment of cheap notoriety. Thus it was that this trivial and purely family matter was conveyed to the neighbours even before I knew of it myself.

⁂

THE retired military gentleman who lives opposite was the first to sound the alarm, as it were. He is himself a poultry fancier on a large scale. He over-feeds his birds on various kinds of egg-producing foods, and then kills them in a hurry because they look as if they were going to die of their own accord, and there must be no waste in war-time. He hurried across to my house as fast as the infirmity of age would permit, and told me in breathless tones that he had heard a hen cackling, and judged by the sound that it proceeded from the direction of my run. And, as he spoke, he laid his hand affectionately on my shoulder as if to convey his opinion that a man like myself was one that anybody ought to be proud to know. For was I not the owner of a hen that had laid an egg?

⁂

MY military friend urged me to go at once and look for the egg among the nests. He seemed to think that I ought to secure it before it had time to escape. Furthermore, he offered to come with me, possibly apprehending that I might be overcome with emotion at the sight of a new-laid egg, and need a friendly arm to lean upon when returning to the house with my prize. We found the egg quite easily, and when I passed it to my neighbour for his inspection he handled it reverently as if it were some rare and beautiful creation that he had hitherto seen only in dreams; and then he went away to discuss the stirring local event with another neighbour, who, in his turn, passed the great tidings along. Even the tremendous happenings of the war seem to have been momentarily dwarfed in our village by the prowess of my laying hen. One man who met me in the street actually raised his hat to me, as if he were satisfied that I had done it myself. Nothing of the kind, of course.

AN EVENING OUT

MR. PIPER: "Doing anything this evening, Gamply?"
MR. GAMPLY: "Nothing special"
MR. PIPER: "Well, come round for an hour or two and starve with us!"

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WHY THE CROCODILE TURNED

Books *of the* Week

A Russian Schoolboy

With the publication of *A Russian Schoolboy* (Arnold: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Mr. J. D. Duff completes his translations of Serge Aksakoff's works, and most people who read them will share a regret that the quiet family reminiscences of this writer come so abruptly to an end. In this third volume, no matter how much or how little imagination has been brought in to assist a quite unusually good memory, you have one of the most poignant passages between mother and son ever written. The young Aksakoff, indeed, as a Government scholar, went through the hell that school can sometimes be at first to an unduly sensitive soul. It was his own fault, perhaps, or his mother's—this period of agony; but it disappeared, leaving a young man well able to take his allotted part in the scheme of things. The story is told with the simplicity which you have come to expect from Aksakoff. The details never seem too heavy. You become a personal friend of the writer and learn to know his family and friends almost as intimately as he did himself. The heartiest congratulations are due to Mr. Duff for his scholarly translation—particularly as in these days British translators of Russian books are not always very happy in their efforts—and Aksakoff will take his place quite naturally with those other major writers of his country whose works have long been familiar to English readers.

The Sheep Path

Mr. Harry Tighe's new novel *The Sheep Path* (Westall: 6*s.* net.) is the carefully told story of an ambitious young lady of the suburbs, who finds that she cannot do just precisely as she likes. Arethusa's home life is not pleasant—the sketch of her father, by the way, is, perhaps, Mr. Tighe's most successful portrait—and her marriage to a comparatively rich man does not lead whither she had hoped. Women, it seems, are still tied in some respects. If they leave the path of the sheep trouble generally comes. (It certainly does in fiction.) The book is interesting throughout, even although most of the people whom Mr. Tighe has collected together are not in themselves particularly pleasant or sympathetic.

❀ ❀

The Puppet Show

A first novel which holds out promise is Miss Lilian Harrison's *The Puppet Show* (Richmond: 6*s.*). The idea of a young man secretly married but living as a bachelor, and finding his wife eager fo recognition after his own advancement to an important post, is not new; nor, indeed, in this case is the sequel particularly startling. In fact, when the unwanted wife goes up in an aeroplane you immediately deduce the tragedy that is to follow. But Miss Harrison has a gift for character and can be witty

(Continued on page 316)

SHOULD A WOMAN TELL?

This is the sort of question Pilate might have asked, and it is certainly calculated to make some people stop and wink. But in winking, if we accept the testimony of modern psychologists, the winker loses control, for however short a time, of a part at least of his field of vision. Maximum efficiency, in other words, can only be maintained by keeping both eyes perpetually on their best behaviour; and those whose efficiency has thus been maximalised since the outbreak of hostilities will already have noted that the above is NOT the sort of question to which answers are propounded in THE

CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE

This effervescent little pennyworth which, with the assistance of Miss Adelyne More, has succeeded in annoying quite a number of dour Old Men, thoroughly understands its business.

The sort of question, therefore, which it does both ask and answer is

WHAT KILLED COCK ROBIN?

—where the defunct redbreast is some established reputation in the world of Literature, Art, Economics, Education, Æsthetics, or Morals, and the lethal weapon some seasonable Truth.

The *Magazine*, moreover, enjoys the advantage of being entirely free from any official connection with the University. To the independence thus secured it owes a large measure both of its academic and its public success. Although, unlike most of its contemporaries, it is able to refrain from dogmatising and geometrising on current strategy and tactics it does not altogether eschew Base Details.

Here, for example, is a typical song from the pen of Lieut. Siegfried Sassoon, M.C.

BASE DETAILS.

If I were fierce, and bald, and short of breath,
I'd live with scarlet Majors at the Base,
And speed glum heroes up the line to death.
You'd see me with my puffy, petulant face,
Guzzling and gulping in the best hotel,
Reading the Roll of Honour—"Poor young chap,"
I'd say—"I used to know his father well;
Yes, we've lost heavily in this last scrap."
And when the war is done, and youth stone dead
I'd waddle safely home and die, in bed.

Rhymes like these, though much appreciated in the best circles, undoubtedly cause a good deal of unnecessary ill-feeling.

SPECIAL FEATURE

'FOREIGN OPINION'

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From THE MANAGER, "The Cambridge Magazine," King's Parade, CAMBRIDGE

What about this?

Mr. JEROME K. JEROME

writes to the Editor as follows from France:—

"The 'Cambridge Magazine' is the only paper that for the last two years I have read with any interest. It is the only paper that any man who cares to think for himself can read with any satisfaction at the present time. It is the only paper from which one obtains the undoctored truth and undistorted fact. There are only two methods that occur to me of teaching the people the actual position of affairs. One is to compel every adult civilian in Europe to spend three or four months in the fighting line; the other is to compel them to read the 'Cambridge Magazine.' There would be more clear thinking, and less shouting."

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No. 201A.—Loaded stick, whalebone centre, plaited all over kangaroo hide, wrist strap	2 15 0
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BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded)

and amusing. There is something distinctive about her work, and that is as it should be in a first novel.

⁂ ⁂

Our Youngest Service

VERY few laymen can be realising how stupendous is the progress made in aviation since 1914. As the Huns would say, it is Kolossal. In fact, some of the "stunts" of our airmen to-day have to be seen to be believed. (And sometimes you can hardly believe them even then.) The Censor, of course, has not failed to cast his energetic and interfering eye into the heavens, and so most of us have had to be content with the bald official accounts. But if you want to be let into the secrets of the Youngest Service, so far as it is good for you to know them, read the anonymously written *An Airman's Wife* (Jenkins : 5*s.* net.)

⁂ ⁂

Vivid Letters

THE book, I suppose, is to be taken as fiction. Half of it is given over to the unfolding of a little love tragedy which is very well told. But by far the most interesting sections are those which contain the letters written by the airman to his wife. These letters suggest that they have been printed without much alteration from genuine originals. They are extraordinarily vivid, but are quite simply written, with no attempt at ambitious embroidery; and yet they must surely be amongst the most thrilling letters ever written. Indeed, they might well have been allowed a whole book to themselves; but you will not want to quarrel with the writer for tacking them on to a love story.

Photograph F. E. Harris

THE BOOK "Q"

The latest portrait of Sir Arthur Quiller Couch in the uniform of the D.C.L.I. His most recent book, "Aunt Trinidad," was reviewed in our columns a week ago. As author, lecturer, and preacher, "Q" maintains the popularity he won with his first book, the immortal "Troy Town"

⁂ ⁂

More Air Heroes

MR. EDGAR MIDDLETON'S *Glorious Exploits of the Air* (Simpkins : 5*s.*) is another book which helps to lift the veil not a little. As an old pilot himself Mr. Middleton knows all the little tricks of the trade and all the fine traditions with which the Air Service, in spite of its youth, has already succeeded in surrounding itself. It is all a wonderful fairy story which by some miracle has become true. You read on and wonder whether Mr. Middleton is not just setting out to rival Jules Verne at his own game; but, no, these stories of his are true. The youngsters have actually done these incredible things. Truly we live in an unbelievable age. R. S.

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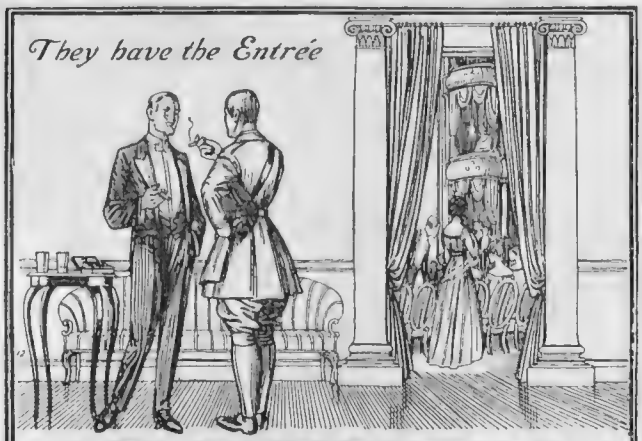

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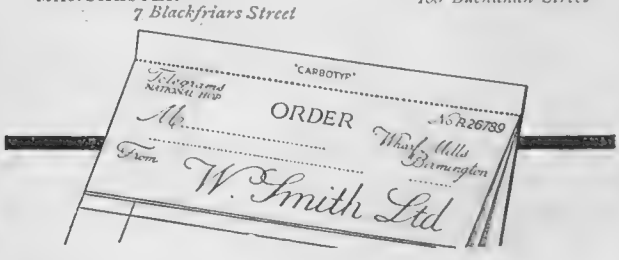

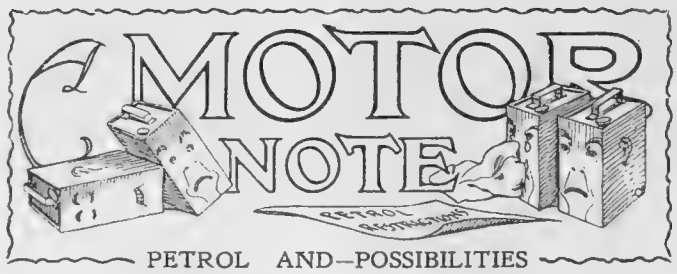

PETROL AND—POSSIBILITIES

A Thinking Act

THE question of the limitation of the price of petrol to the consumer is, says Mr. Bonar Law, "under consideration." So, I suspect, is the question of the increase in the price of pork and beans, and a few other questions of national importance, including that one about winning the war, of which you may have heard. I am afraid I draw out of Mr. Bonar Law's reply none of the comfort which some cast-iron optimists are trying to read into it. You can't limit the price of petrol until you control supply. Same with gas, or benzol, or any other fuel. There is no present indication that the Government is considering the control of supplies. It seems much more interested in giving the suppliers a free hand even in the matter of distribution. Moreover, "under consideration," in a direction in which the Government is not being *forced* to take action, means anything or nothing—with long odds on nothing. Who in motoring is there to force the hands of a Government, anyway?

***

Patriotism by Proxy

H'M! The importing companies represented on the Petrol Pool Board, have been graciously pleased to agree to allow motorists, who may have stocks of petrol which they cannot now use owing to the restrictions on motoring, to re-sell the spirit to the retailers, who alone are licensed to deal in it. In view of the national shortage, and the urgent national need for every gill of petrol available, the special inducement is made to private owners of supplies, who, of course, bought retail, to re-sell—at 3*d.* per gallon *less* than the *wholesale* price! If they bought their stocks comparatively recently, the re-sale will mean a *loss* of anything up to 8½*d.* per gallon. This act of magnanimity on the part of the importing companies, who are patriotically selling petrol at 3*s.* 6*d.* when they might be charging 4*s.*, or even 20*s.*, is confidently expected to be fraught with results—one way or the other. I should think the "other" way is the more likely!

***

The Guessing Game

A DISTINGUISHED journeyman prophet has been indulging in a few splendid guesses at the possibilities of the aerial hunt—after the war, when we shall, all those of us who feel like it and are disposed to distribute the money (and some not; indeed, and very much not), in a royal way chase the grizzly b'ar instead of the 'Orrid 'Un. Speculations of this sort are always much admired, and would also be a direct incitement to the paper controller to foam at the mouth, if that fearful functionary happened to be susceptible to stimulants. Doubtless we could all let ourselves go along this line in one direction or another, if we really made up our minds to it and editors were careless. My own thoughts turn greedily to the pearl-scooping by submarine or the quest of sunken treasure by the same means. But on the whole, I think we will wait a bit before we fix up our sporting programmes very definitely. There are a few other little matters still to be disposed of before then.

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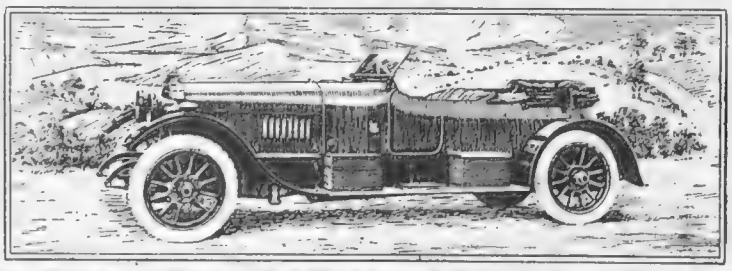

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FEMINA

Woman's Little War Worries

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

CLOAKS AND HOAXES

THERE is an old art masquerading under a new name, and thereby fulfilling part of its own law, that dates farther back than any chronicle of it.

Scene-painters from Paris arriving at the front as *poilus* may have dubbed it by their familiar nickname for stage make-up—camouflage; big-game hunters may have practised it through the centuries when stalking their game; emperors of olden times may have devised it as a means of mingling with their people and learning public opinion at first hand, but it was Nature's secret long before all this.

Instinct taught it to the iguanodon and the chameleon, and woman borrowed it from the day when she imitated the bat's wing to make her first fan till the hour when she created the crinoline.

But now that man is making it an historical weapon of defence, woman is discarding the more patent forms, and is evolving subtleties that take quite a number of guesses to solve.

Mere make-up with her is on the wane; enamel and peroxide are as out of fashion as yashmaks or patches and powdered hair. She has achieved the dull but useful climax of being obvious.

But this is rather troubling, because she knows the charm that lies in "infinite variety." So she is seeking new veils and mantles of personality to conceal her thoughts and her capacities.

There is a bit of apparently innocent and meaningless parody going on just now—a question of "doubles."

Two or three charming and quite well-known women have been seen at places where they were not; acquaintances and even intimate friends recognising not only the features and figure but the style and colour of dress.

"Why did you cut me at the Savoy last night?" said a man recently to his cousin's widow. "You were dining alone—so was I. I very nearly made my way to your table, but you stared at me in such an aloof manner that I was daunted. What have I done?"

"Nothing," she answered, smiling, "except made a mistake. I wasn't there."

He looked and felt incredulous. "Oh, I see," he observed at last. "It was indiscreet of me to recognise you. I'm sorry. It shan't happen again."

"Don't be absurd," she said, "Of course I want you to recognise me everywhere and always. But I was at a family meal last night in Eaton Square; so it was my double you saw. I've heard of her already. Is she really as like me as all that?"

"She *is* you," he said; "Same face, same dress, same manner. Even that green cloak of yours, "What's the idea? It's libellous. and if I see her again I'll tell her so."

"Oh, no! you can't. It's not a crime—I suppose rather flattering really. Of course, it might matter a little if anything queer happened and one couldn't prove an alibi."

"It is infernal cheek," he said.

But the widow was asking herself: "Is it just the vanity of an unknown person wanting to attract attention, or what?"

And she has not yet decided.

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

THE ADMIRAL OF THE "WRENS"

Dame Katherine Furse, whose talent for organisation will find full scope in the direction of the Women's Royal Naval Service

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

The Triumph of the Overall

THE talk of "uniforms for all" has rather fizzled out, damped by the many well-founded objections to the free dressing of so many girls and women, well able not only to choose, but likewise pay for, their own dress. Where the trouble started was in the sad lack of taste frequently evidenced in something too flippant and frivolous in the way of blouses and frocks, but the delinquents were not many, and even these have now been put down by clamour and the good example of their better bred and balanced companions; also the arrival upon the scene of the overall under quite new and original auspices.

So altogether charming are these well-thought-out and practical overalls that even the most fastidious has no qualms in their adoption, while an objection often urged by women inclined to *embonpoint* — a truly reasonable one with the skimpy overall of yesterday — has been entirely overruled by latter-day ingenuity and clever cut. Much variety also is brought about by the material selection, a great feeling prevailing for relieving a sombre-toned brown, sailor blue, or dark grey casement cloth or drill, with some bright, artistic colour contrast. A particularly nice overall, designed for office wear, was arranged with a loose jumper-like upper part, on to which the skirt was mounted at the hip line in shallow pleats. Nut-brown casement cloth was the material employed, and the revers to the chemise neck, cuffs to long sleeves, and hem of skirt were in a pretty, bright cherry colour. Nothing to catch the dirt, a model easy to slip in and out of, absolutely covering the frock worn beneath, and yet as attractive as could be.

Then there is the old-world smock to be taken into account. This in any plain colour can be smocked with a colour, and worn loose and free in orthodox fashion, or the fullness drawn to the waist by a belt, the style being equally successful in either case. But this type of overall, perhaps, is more suitable to agricultural work, when corduroy knickers take the place of petticoats, sedentary office work exacting a more shapely style of thing, after the fashion of our original suggestion. Anyone who understands anything at all about *ligne* will fully realise the value of that deep straight yoke, on to which the main part is gathered, the requisite fullness being held at the waist by a buttoned band.

This treatment is equally becoming to a slender or full figure, and permits of a certain amount of individual treatment in the arrangement of the fullness at the waist. The armholes are carried to an appreciable depth, the small tight armhole being a notable defect in ready-made models that makes for heat as well as discomfort; and, to allow for perfect freedom, a small French gusset is set in between the top of the under-arm seam and the seam of the sleeve, like a man's shirt. Otherwise the overall would drag at the waist every time the arm is lifted to reach a book or file from a high shelf. Two small, but practical, pockets make for comfort as well as a pleasing appearance.

THE OMNIPRESENT OVERALL
Fully described on this page

More Mixed Materials than Ever

WHETHER from choice or necessity, the fact remains that

(Continued on page 324)